

# COLEMAN MINER

Volume 2, No. 35

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, September 3, 1909

\$2 00 Yearly

W. L. Bridgeford

"THE PALM"

Plums in Abundance

Call for

a cool,

refreshing,

exquisite,

invigorating,

unintoxicating,

drink of —

Soda Water

THE Pastime  
Pool Room

Is the place to spend  
your leisure hours. All  
admit that more pleasure  
is derived from a game of  
Pool or Billiards than any  
other indoor amusement.

We stock the highest  
grades of imported Cigars  
and Cigarettes. Our line  
of Pipes, Tobaccos and  
smokers sundries is com-  
plete.

We solicit a share of  
your patronage.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd  
Street  
Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

Some "Ifs"  
If you come  
our way we  
will send  
overflowing values your way. If you  
leave a \$ with us it is merely ex-  
changing the money for its equivalent  
in jewelry certainties. What we give  
you will be as sound and genuine as  
the money. If you are a careful  
spender this store will appeal to you  
on the score of economy. If you're  
anxious to secure goods which aren't  
afraid of the closest scrutiny this is a  
good place to come. It is a good place  
to come to for every reason that  
makes one store better than another.  
Glad to greet you at any time.

Alex. Cameron

Watchmaker, Optician  
and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

E. Disney

Contractor and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall  
Plaster, Coast Flooring,  
Mouldings, Doors and  
Windows always on  
hand.

Lumber of all Kinds

T. Ede  
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC  
Blairmore - - - Alberta International.

## COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of Interest in and  
Around This Busting Town.  
You Are Talked About

We shall thank our readers for all items of  
interest which they may be able to furnish  
us for publication. Phone 64A. P.O. 190975

Subscribe for the MINER and get  
Canada's latest western story.

Do your conveyancing at the law  
office, corner of first and centre.

John White of Pincher Creek is re-  
lieving E. Kiely in Upton's store.

John Foley left on Tuesday on the  
flyer en route for Fairbanks, Alaska.

William Machin has secured a  
position on the COLEMAN MINER staff.

R. Timmes of Calgary, agent for the  
Mason & Risch pianos, was in town  
Wednesday.

The new labor hall has been painted  
and is quite an addition to the west  
end of 1st street.

Rev. T. M. Murray will preach in  
Blairmore Mission Hall on Sunday  
Sept. 5th at 8 p.m.

Mr. Palmer, senior partner of the  
law firm of Palmer, Thompson and  
Sellers was in town this week.

The COLEMAN MINER is putting a  
plant at Cowley and in future will  
publish the Chronicle at that place.

Rev. T. M. Murray will attend the  
half yearly Presbytery sessions at  
Pincher Creek on Sept. 7th and 8th.

Miss M. E. Jones of Indian Head,  
Sask., is in town visiting friends and  
is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W.  
Sadler.

A party of homesteaders passed  
through town en route for land north-  
west of here. They came from Uncle  
Sam's domain.

Plans have already been prepared  
for the new Eagle Hall which is to be  
erected on 1st street. The plans call  
for a \$7,000.00 building.

Mr. J. M. Sutherland, Presbyterian  
minister at Blairmore, on Tuesday  
evening of this week by a large num-  
ber of the young men of Blairmore.

The Canadian Pacific Railway an-  
nounce in connection with Labor day,  
rate of fare and one third for round  
trip. Tickets on sale Sept. 3rd and 4th  
with final return limit Sept. 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pugh and little  
daughter Nella, arrived in town this  
week from Blaine, Monmouthshire,  
England, on a short visit to their old  
friends. Mr. and Mrs. E. Eacott.

A local marathon race will be run in  
Coleman to-night and Meadows in-  
tends to run 6 miles in a  
relay race against 12 Coleman men,  
each local man running one half mile.

One of the most entertaining con-  
certs that has ever been given in Cole-  
man, will be given on Monday even-  
ing under the auspices of the C. A. A.  
A ball will be given afterwards.

Large numbers are expected from  
Blairmore and Frank.

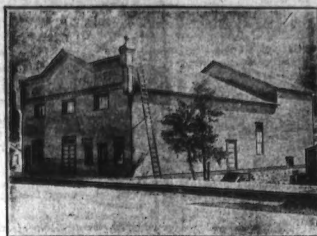
Church of England services will be  
held on Sunday next, Sept. 5th at  
8 o'clock - Holy Communion - Holy  
Communion at 8 a.m., Evensong and ser-  
mon at 7 p.m.; Frank-Morning  
Prayer and sermon at 11 a.m.; Blair-  
more-Evensong Prayer and sermon at  
3.30 p.m.

Mr. Lemuel A. Sellar, L. L. B., of  
Swan, Manitoba, has opened up a law  
office in town at the corner of 1st and  
Centre sts. Mr. Sellar has been  
practising for some time and has been  
very successful. He will attend  
Blairmore one or two days in each  
week.

W. G. Fortune, Field Secretary of  
the Temperance and Moral Reform  
League of Alberta, will visit the Pass  
in the interests of the above league.  
He will preach on Sunday, Sept. 5th,  
in the Central Baptist church at 11  
a.m. in Frank at Knox church at  
8 p.m. and in Coleman at the Institu-  
tional at 7 p.m.

W. G. Wilson has resigned his posi-  
tion with the International to accept  
the position of general manager of the  
Consolidated Coal Mining Co. Taber.  
Mr. Wilson was with the International  
in its infancy and has remained with  
it until the daily output is over 3,000  
tons. Many regret that a man of Mr.  
Wilson's ability has severed his con-  
nection with the mines here.

STILL GROWING  
3300 tons were mined Tuesday at the  
Blairmore - - - Alberta International.



MINERS' HALL AND OPERA HOUSE, MAIN STREET  
COLEMAN

## JOHN BULKO WRITES AGAIN

Coleman, Alberta,  
Sept., 1st, 1909.

To the Editor of COLEMAN MINER,  
Dear Sir:

As the Fernie Ledger, still con-  
tinues to attack me, I would like to  
occupy a space in your paper to re-  
pudiate these vile and cowardly  
underhand attacks.

The Ledger states in its sneaking  
way to read my measure in its Cole-  
man's notes. Well, I ask, would be  
more interesting and exciting to read  
than the memoirs of the conspirators  
against the late governor of Idaho, or  
perhaps more so the history of the  
Fernie Ledger in its ramblings both  
theoretical and impracticable. Publish  
these Mr. Ledger and let the people  
take the measure.

This union is not a Bulko union, it  
is a union for the miners, who need  
sympathetic and intelligent leader-  
ship. Get out and fight on the square  
Mr. Ledger. You and Mr. Sherman  
have by your dirty methods driven  
my countrymen from the U. M. W.  
of A. May you reap the benefit.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor,  
I remain,  
Yours truly,  
JOHN BULKO.

MR. J. M. SUTHERLAND BANQUETED

A banquet was tendered to Mr. J.  
M. Sutherland, Presbyterian mis-  
sionary at Blairmore, on Tuesday  
evening of this week by a large num-  
ber of the young men of Blairmore.

Mrs. Bryden proprietress of the  
Davenport Cafe, served an elaborate  
supper, after which Mr. E. Mathews  
proposed a toast to Mr. Sutherland.

The speaker wished him a safe journey  
home to Scotland and success in his  
studies during the coming season.

Mr. Sutherland responded with  
words of gratitude for the kindness of  
his entertainers. He told many stories  
that brought down the house. Rev.  
T. M. Murray, who was a guest, was  
invited to say a word. He dealt at  
length on the fact that they were  
showing honor to the man and the  
cause and he urged them all to stand  
up for truth, righteousness and honor.

Messrs. McGee, Hanmer and others  
contributed to the program. The  
gathering broke up about midnight  
and escorted Mr. Sutherland home to  
the strains of "he's a jolly good  
fellow."

BLAIRMORE'S BIG DAY

All preparations have been com-  
pleted for the big day's sport at Blair-  
more. The track has been put in  
first class shape and all is in readiness  
for Labor day. Fifteen fast horses  
are already on the ground and the end  
of the week will see as many more  
here. The management did not make  
any preparations for trotting or  
padding horses, but as several of those  
have arrived it has been decided to put  
on an extra race for this class of  
horses.

The baseball match for the Chal-  
lenge cup is to be played in the fore-  
noon. Horse racing takes place in the  
afternoon and the Marathon race in  
the evening.

BIG MARATHON RACE AT BLAIRMORE  
LABOR DAY

The most noted foot race ever run  
in the Pass will be run in Blairmore  
on Labor Day. The distance will be  
12 miles on the Blairmore race track.  
Among the celebrated runners will be  
Fred Meadows, Canadian Five Mile  
Champion; Paul Acocoe, who defeated  
Shrubb a few days ago; J. Fitz-  
gerald one of the world's marathon  
champions; Pete Terevay, Chief  
Knollton and others. Over 4000 specta-  
tors are expected.

The officials of the race are, John  
Herron, M. P. starter; W. P.  
Williams, assistant starter, O. E. S.  
Whitely, judge; J. H. Farmer,  
official scorer; T. B. Martin and Dr.  
McIntosh, timekeepers; H. E.  
Lyon, manager and announcer. The  
admission to the grounds is 50c. and  
to grand stand 50c.

The Coleman baseball team has en-  
tered the competition for the chal-  
lenge cup at Blairmore.

Hillcrest Notes

S. Cantilina is working here again.

Mrs. T. McMillan is registered at the  
Hillcrest hotel.

Work was started on the slope  
Monday morning.

S. Baird was the guest of F. John-  
son for a few days last week.

The Hillcrest Coal Company is  
painting the roofs of their cottages  
and hotel.

People are rushing into Hillcrest.  
Most of them are building their own  
homes here.

By the looks of the depot T. Eaton  
is building in Hillcrest. A movement  
is on foot to shut out Timothy.

The Hillcrest Coal Company are  
going to build six new houses, a new  
washhouse and an extension to the  
stable.

Another runaway occurred on the  
C. P. railway, the locomotive ran  
away with a string of cars. The en-  
gine has to be sent to the shops for  
repairs.

An exciting baseball game was  
pulled off in Hillcrest on Sunday  
afternoon between Hillcrest and  
Blairmore. The score was 5-4 in favor  
of Hillcrest.

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tered the competition for the chal-  
lenge cup at Blairmore.

## Bellevue Notes

Mr. Clifford Miller was badly hurt  
in the mine on Friday.

H. Oldland and wife of Elko, B.C.,  
are registered at the Bellevue.

Mrs. Jos. Oliphant left here on the  
eastbound train on Saturday last on a  
visit to her parents in the old country.

Mrs. J. B. Rudd has rented the  
Southern Hotel to J. McDonald of  
Frank. They intend getting a  
license.

Mr. Joe Virden accepted the position  
of Head Mechanic at Bellevue Mine  
and has already arrived here with his  
wife and family.

Quite a large number of Bellevue  
people took in the football match at  
Frank on Saturday night and report  
the best game ever played in the  
Pass.

The new townsite recently opened by  
Mr. Whillier on the Westworth estate  
is the scene of life and bustle at the  
present time, houses are springing up  
daily like mushrooms. Song of axe,  
hammer and saw etc.

Mr. Oldland already has a large  
number of men employed on the work  
of grading the new yards and side-  
tracks at Bellevue mine, and the work  
of erecting the steel trestle and  
building new stone power house will  
be commenced in a few days.

The bachelors of Bellevue enter-  
tained the ladies to a social evening  
on Friday last and a very pleasant  
time was spent by all. Mr. Charles  
Emmerson took the chair during the  
first part of the evening, and after a  
few well placed remarks on the bliss  
of married life, called on the Bellevue  
orchestra for a selection, this was  
followed by songs and instrumental  
selections. A very nice supper was  
then served around by the boys and  
the floor was cleared for dancing.

Mr. W. H. Chappell was elected M. C.  
for the evening and kept the people  
tripping the light fantastic until the  
early hours. Great credit is due to  
the Committee, Messrs. Brownrigg,  
McCutcheon, Miller, Marshall and  
Chappell, for the excellent arrange-  
ment made. The boys also wish to  
thank all those who helped to make  
the affair a success.

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## GREAT NORTHERN R. R.

The Nelson News says: In an inter-  
view in Winnipeg of his former rela-  
tions with Lord Strathcona, Mr.  
James J. Hill mentioned the interest-  
ing fact that the original intention of  
the promoters of the C. P. R. was to  
build through to the coast by way of  
the Crow's Nest pass, but that the  
government engineer, for strategic  
reasons, favored the line finally  
followed. Transcontinental trains,  
however, will yet travel over the  
Crow's Nest route.

## SCHOOL RE-OPENS

School re-opened on Sept. 1st with a  
full attendance of scholars. Principal  
Acheson, who just returned from an  
extended trip was in his place, looking  
much refreshed from his holiday at  
the coast. Mrs. Jobbitt and Miss  
Close, who were on the staff last year,  
will again teach this year. The new  
teacher Miss Baxter is taking Miss  
McNab's place. It is thought that  
another teacher will be engaged as  
soon as the new school is completed.

## REMEMBER!

Every Saturday afternoon and evening,  
under my massive canvas pavilion,  
there is

FREE DANCING!

Piano Recitals by Prof. W. Heinzeman  
Vocal Selections by Miss Florence Graham

Why not come and enjoy Life?

All WelCome!

All Free!

See my Menagerie of Wild and Ferocious Beasts from  
every land

My Dining Hall is open all night  
My Buffet is a work of art  
See My World famous Collection of Game, Birds, Weapons,  
unique and wonderful works of art, and curios from strange lands  
and peoples.

Meet me Face to Face. Laugh dance and make merry  
--- AT ---

THE SUMMIT HOTEL, Crow's Nest  
ANDY GOOD Proprietor

Telephone 106  
Calls up the

West End Livery

Where you get the best turnout in the town

Double and Single Drivers and easy gaited Saddle Horses

Wood always on hand

Sole local Agents for McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co.'s coal

Contract and Heavy Team Work a Speciality

We are here to please the people and all we ask is a  
trial, no matter how small—"No order  
too big, none too small."

J. B. Miller

We carry a full line of Hard-  
ware, House Furniture, Crock-  
ery, Fishing Tackle and all  
kinds of sportsmen's outfits.

Our prices are reasonable  
and our goods strictly first-  
class

Plumbing a Speciality.

Coleman Hardware Co.

## A TRAIN TO JOY.

After the Crash There Came a Shock and a Surprise.

By ANITA WENTWORTH.  
(Copyright, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.)

Yes, she wore the blue and white dress which had been her wedding gown, much against Aunt Nykirik's will, and the letter had said disagreeable things in consequence, even going so far as to prophesy that something would happen.

But what could "happen"? Simply nothing. Was not this the old reliable evening train, forever on time, and without a hint of hoodoo or any other bloodcurdling thing in its record?

Of course! Rose Engle settled the question satisfactorily in her own mind and from a multitude of faded little trinkets in her wrist bag fished out her ticket and waited complacently for the conductor. By and by, as the "old reliable" rolled along, the moon came to the fore, and the landscape in picturesque panorama, and the owner of the blue and white gown laughed at the prophecy, flattered her pretty nose against the dusty pane and fell to enjoying the scenery.

Suddenly above the peaceful hum of the train rose demonic shrieks from two locomotives. The next moment a terrific shock sent the passengers in all directions.

Out from beneath the wreckage of the shattered northbound crawled a half dozen men and women, one with a cruel slash across the left cheek and another with a broken arm, while the remaining four were only "shaken up."

Among the latter Rose Engle struggled to her feet and stood, white and trembling, endeavoring to grasp the possibility of the "old reliable" making such a departure.

While the others began the search for their belongings or for friends less lucky than themselves she stood still, wondering whether it was the blue and white gown or the wickedness of her intention which fulfilled Aunt Nykirik's prophecy.

Not since the "word from up north" that Jack had gone back to his old habits and was actually "giving his earnings broadcast" had she taken time for sober second thought. A year ago, when she kissed him goodby in the low doorway before he went to the Klondike, he had pledged himself to continue in well doing, and she had rested in his promise.

Often she entertained herself picturing the home he planned to have on his return, one with a large, airy kitchen, plenty of windows and lots of happy plans.

But when the "word" came she decided that Jack Engle's wife was a shamefully neglected woman, especially as he had not written for months. Then a wild determination to be free from the man who had gone back to his old habits and didn't care seized her, and—well, here she was on her way to begin legal proceedings for a separation and stand alone!

Aunt Nykirik's parting shot rang in her ears as she clung to a twisted section of the vestibule.

"I'd expect something to happen if I should start on such an errand, banking only on my wits and wearing my wedding dress. Bless me! When folks take the bit in their hand and headlong I always think of Jonah."

Shaky little Mrs. Engle cast a horrified glance down over the blue and white gown, stroked with dust and grime and torn in several places. Some one beckoned to her from the farther end of the wreck. Why did she stand there like a dummy when people needed help?

Away she went over broken ties and around an overturned boiler from which the steam hissed vindictively, the blue and white gown dragging in the moonlight like a flag of truce.

Ah, there they were—a man prone on the ground, and kneeling by his side was a physician with his opos medicine case.

"Stay by this poor fellow," said the doctor as she came up, "while I go for water, and he was gone."

In a few moments he returned, and, pouring something from a vial into a basin of water, gave it to her to hold while he turned the unconscious man's face.

She turned her head away. She could not bear to look upon another victim of the headlong—

"Too bad!" broke in the physician on the self condemnation. "It is really too bad! He was going home with a year's hard earnings with which to surprise his wife."

The slender hands trembled, and the basin came near falling to the ground. Jack could have saved, too, if he had loved his wife, but he hadn't.

The doctor was so interested in his patient that he did not notice her agitation, so she followed his thoughts and continued: "Single is a fine fellow. I'll warrant his wife is proud of him."

A low, smothered cry started the man of medicine, and the basin fell to the clatter of shattered glass, spilling the contents over the blue and white gown.

"You must be braver than that," said he sternly. "It may be that my friend's life depends on your quiet courage."

With a desperate effort she rallied the hands and resumed her position, but now her gaze was fixed on the upturned face so familiar in every cot.

It depended on her, did it? Surely this was the amazing hour! Heaven heard Jonah in his extremity. Would her petition of agonized silence prevail?

As if in answer the man to be proud

of slowly opened his eyes and made an attempt to rise.

"Ah, Jack, old boy, you're coming around all right!" cried the doctor, supporting him and giving him a reviving draft.

After a few minutes, when the other grew stronger, the physician continued in tender, kindly tone: "I am glad I was with you, but we were looked upon for casualties. Some one might have taken your money and left you to die. As it is, everything is all right."

"Oh, Horton, I am so glad, too, for my wife's sake. And Jack's hand sought that of the doctor.

The blue and white gown drew back into the shadows.

"Here we are," exclaimed the doctor as the rumbling of the relief train came to their ears. "Now let us see how well you can walk."

The blue and white gown, torn and bedraggled, followed closely in the wake of these devoted friends, and little Mrs. Engle climbed up the steps of the homeward bound coach behind them.

After Jack was comfortably settled his friend said, "Now I must look after the lady who so bravely helped you back from the wreckage."

The gown with the medicine splashes on it slipped into the seat just behind them, and Rose looked up as Dr. Horton rose to go.

"Pardon me, madam, for my seeming neglect. I was so shaken up with Jack that I nearly forgot you."

She smiled faintly in answer, and he resumed his seat. Presently a hand was laid timidly on his shoulder, and he looked around.

"Would a surprise—a glad one—hurt him?" she asked tremulously.

The wondering doctor shook his head in the negative and waited for her to go on. Leaning forward a trifle, she whispered something in his ear.

With a mild gladness shining in his eyes Dr. Horton grasped the situation as best he could and asked, "You don't expect to meet your wife on this train, do you, Jack?"

"Oh, no; she is safe at home" was the quick reply.

"But suppose now," continued the doctor, "that she is here somewhere. Would you know her, old fellow, if you saw her in this car?"

"Horton," she whispered imperatively, "here comes Jack!"

This Small World.

"About ten years ago, when I was living in a village in Illinois," said the red-headed man, "I had business to call me to London. My getting ready for the trip was a long time, and a day or two before I started I was visited by a farmer who was an Englishman and who said:

"If you are going to London would you mind seeing my brother Jim and telling him his brother Tom over here is well and doing well and wants him to write often?"

"Why is your brother's other name?" I asked.

"Smith, sir—Jim Smith."

"I told him I would keep an eye out for the Smith family, and he thanked me and withdrew. In due time I arrived in London from Liverpool, and as I took a cab at the depot I queried of the driver:

"Do you happen to know any one in London named Smith?"

"I'm a Smith myself, sir," he replied.

"That a Jim Smith?"

"But a Jim Smith who has got a brother Tom in America."

"I've got it," I cried, and he said, "But a Jim Smith whose brother Tom in America is a farmer in Illinois and wants to be written to often?"

"That's me again, sir, and here's the proof of it. I'm just going to mail him this letter here."

"And hang me if he didn't show me a letter ready for mailing and prove his case on the spot. He was the first man I had spoken to in London, and he was the Jim Smith I had been told to look out for!"—Chattanooga Times.

A Japanese Legend.

One of the prettiest of all the stories relating to mirrors is that which comes from Japan. In this a man brings as a gift to his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. Then she, having seen nothing of the kind before, asks in the innocence of her heart whose the pretty face smiling back at her. And when, laughing, he tells her it is none other than her own she wonders still more, but is ashamed to ask further questions. But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter and gives her the treasure she has long kept hidden away as a sacred thing, telling her: "After I am dead you must look in this mirror morning and evening and you will see me. Do not grieve," for when the mother is dead the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there talks face to face with the dead woman and never guessing it is but her own reflection she sees.

And it is added by the old Japanese narrator that when the girl's father learned the meaning of this strange conduct of her, he thinking it to be a very pleasant thing, his eyes grew dim with tears."

Human Heart as a Power Engine.

A great physician has written that, despite its complexity, there was no organ of the body readier to adapt itself to circumstances or more capable of repaying ordinary care than the heart. This is very true, and an appreciation of that fact should cause us all the more carefully to follow the wise man's advice as to keep our heart with all diligence. When we have regard to the tremendous work the heart accomplishes we might well with Weller say, "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep the tune so long." Estimated in scientific fashion, a man's heart in twenty-four hours performs an amount of work which if represented by the energy demanded for a big lift would raise 120 tons of weight one foot high. Such a calculation can be accurately determined by measuring the force expended in one beat or cycle of movement of the heart and multiplying the short work into that of the day. Thus in no small degree does the heart's labor contribute to swell the big total of the energy the human engine expends each day it lives.—New York World.

Culinary Courtship.

Janet had avoided the domestic affairs of the family with whom she lived for so many years that the news of her intended marriage had much the effect of an earthquake. Have you and David been engaged long? ventured the mistress of the household.

"One week when next Sabbath comes," Janet smiled briefly.

"And—had you any thought of marrying before that?" asked her mistress.

"Times I had and times I had not," said the imperturbable Janet, "as any person will. But a month ago when I gave David a wee bit of the cake I'd been making and he said to me, 'Janet, have you the recipe from your mind, lass, so you could make it if Mrs. Mann's book would be far from your reach?' I knew well the time was drawing short."

"And when," said Janet, closing her eyes at the recollection, "I said to him, 'David, lad, the recipe is copied in a little book of my own, and I saw the girl in the eye I reckoned it would be within the month he'd ask me.'"

Hippo's Mouth an Impressive Sight.

The hippopotamus is a sort of fontanelle of the African continent. To see a hippopotamus rise out of the water and go away is as disconcerting to the tourist as it would be to a sailor to see a ship disappear.

"I saw a hippo get out of the Missouri river and chase a cow. The hippo is too short to write his full name—is a big brother of the pig. He weighs five tons, and a garçonne is cute and pretty beside him. He is fat and flabby, covered with a reddish skin adorned with blisters and has a broad, flat head as wide as a dinner table and a small mouth like a hippo's.

One of nature's African extravagances. He has mouth enough to do the eating for a boy's boarding school. His jaws are very flexible, and those who have gazed into the inner works of a hippo when he has opened his vast pink lined mouth, studied here and there with tucks that look like broken Greek columns, have been impressed with the sight.—Collier's Weekly.

How Rats Move Eggs.

Strange as the story may appear of rats removing hens' eggs from the bottom to the top of a house by one rat lying on his back and grasping tightly his crooked burden with his forepaws while his comrades drag him away by the tail, I have no reason, writes a naturalist, to disbelieve it. I have seen rats accomplish the feat from stair to stair in a farmhouse on Banffshire, the first anxious rodent pushing the egg up on its hind legs and the second assistant lifting it up with its fore legs. It was the best athletic feat I ever witnessed, but it is not out of the common. The rat will extract the contents from a flask of Florence oil, dipping in his long tail and repeating the maneuver until he has consumed all that can be reached.

His Mistake.

The vendor of images, who had just been thrown out of a large office building, littered with his broken wares, his long tail and repeating the maneuver until he has consumed all that can be reached.

"Who did this?" inquired the friendly cop. "I'll punch 'em if you say the word."

"No; it was my fault," said the victim, clutching the remains of a plaster image. "I insisted on trying to sell a bust of Noah Webster to a meeting of simplified spellers."—Denver Republican.

Some Excuse For the Sun.

Artist—There, sir, my latest picture. Ingenious Friend—Well, you haven't economized much on it, have you? What title have you given to it? Artist—What do I call it? Why, sir, that is an autumn sunset. Ingenious Friend—You don't say so! Well, I don't blame the sun at all for setting.

Color in Liss.

It's a white lie when mamma tells papa what baby has been saying, but when papa goes and repeats it at the office it's another matter: it becomes more or less settled by being mopped around.—Exchange.

His Choice.

Burtia Seem—How'd yer like to be one of dese here furrin rulers, Belf Seldom Starre—Not me, Burt. I'd a lot rather be a king than a bum king.—Kansas City Times.

It is better to lend than to give. To give is pleasant; to better than either.—Talmud.

**Zambuk**  
"SUB IT IN!"  
FOR SUMMER SORES  
When troubled with sun-burns, blisters, insect stings, sore feet or heat rashes, apply Zambuk!  
Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.  
Zambuk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats, no mineral poisons. Finest header! Druggists and Stores everywhere.

**SUMMER SORES**  
When troubled with sun-burns, blisters, insect stings, sore feet or heat rashes, apply Zambuk!  
Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.  
Zambuk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats, no mineral poisons. Finest header! Druggists and Stores everywhere.

**Quite Right**  
Ruth—Proposed to you? Why, the durnedest, most wicked fellow I ever saw.  
Orme—Both of us had wheels, my dear. He proposed while we were skating.

"Sometimes our disappointments come to be recognized as blessings," said the red-headed philosopher.  
"That's a fact," answered the flippancy person, "it's always a sweet relief to me to discover in the morning I've forgot to wind the alarm clock."

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Hall's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.

"Tommy," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "when water becomes ice what is the great change that takes place?"  
"The change in price," replied Tommy.

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government scientists, after definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Paste kills the flies and the disease germs, too. No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Paste.

**The Rule of Golf**  
First Golfer—Can you always tell a beginner on links?  
Second Golfer—Well, as a rule, you can't teach him much.

**Mirand's Liniment Cures Distemper.**  
Very Brilliant  
Mrs. Beetha—That will be a very brilliant wedding of Mr. Roache's daughter.  
Mr. Beetha—I suppose so.  
Mrs. Beetha—Yes, all the families in the neighborhood are invited.

**Mirand's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.**  
How She Felt  
Mrs. Higgins—And so you have secured your divorce, I hear?  
Mrs. Higgins—Yes, I'm glad to say I have.  
Mrs. Higgins—How did you feel when you heard the judge's decision?  
Mrs. Higgins—Well, I felt sort of unmannered, as it were.

**True Admiration**  
Marion—Hasn't Mr. Loudly a beautiful voice?  
Myrtle—Yes. It must be lovely to sit next to him at a baseball game.

**Field of Danger**  
Marion—Some folks fancy golf is a dangerous game. Do you think there is any danger in it?  
George—Have two friends who got engaged on the golf links last season.

Bessie—Oh, Mabel, I am in an awful fix. I've quarrelled with Harry, and he wants me to send him some ring.  
Bessie—That isn't too bad.  
Bessie—That isn't the point; I've forgotten which is his ring.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgatives ensue until the delicate system of the child suffers under the strain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

**Practiced**  
Blinks—That right feller is mighty light on his feet. Look how he went into the air for that fly.  
Clinks—Well, he ought to be. He's jumped eight contracts so far this season.

**Constantly at Work**  
Mr. H.—This preserving time with young women, isn't it?  
Mrs. D.—Stupid man! Women are busy preserving all the year around.  
Mr. H.—Indeed! What is there for them to preserve?  
Mrs. D.—Their complexions, if there's nothing else.

**Distinction**  
Some one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is at least sure of his board and clothes."

It's hard to live within one's salary, but there's one consolation—it's harder to live without it.

W. N. U. No. 765.

**A Business Letter.**  
It is supposed that business letters are deficient in humor. Still, there have been exceptions, and the latest, sent by a member of the well known wholesale soapmaking firm of, let us say, Cate & Son, is one of the most brilliant. A retail dealer in a small way had sent for a consignment of their goods. "Gentlemen," he writes, "where have you got me the soap? Is it because you think my money is not so good as nobody else's? Dam you, Cate & Son, wherever have you got the soap? Please send soap at once and oblige, yours respectfully, Richard Jones, P. S.—Since writing the above my wife has found the soap under the counter."—Dundee Advertiser.

**Willie Speaks.**  
Father's takin' down the stove, Sweatin' like to bust.  
Mother's chasin' him around With a pen for dust.  
Maggie's got the winders out—Cold as anything!  
Bitter dustin' all the chairs—Gee, don't mention spring!  
—Joe Cane in Boston Herald.

**Prepared.**  
"So you are all ready to go to house-keeping?"  
"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Younglove. "Charley's friends at the office have made him a present of a beautiful alarm clock, and I have a splendid nickel plated chafing dish."

**A Man of Means.**  
Stern Parent—Ethel, young Fledgling gave me to understand he was a man of means when he asked for your hand.  
Ethel—He is a man of means, father.  
Stern Parent—But he only makes \$10,000 a year.  
Ethel—Well, he means to make more.—New York Times.

**German Business Woman's Idea.**  
One of the cleverest young business women in Germany, well known in Berlin society and considered one of the prettiest girls in the German capital, has just secured on behalf of the company of which she is chairwoman a contract from the Heigian State railways which carries on the Belgian railway economy effected by a foreign government. Miss Stoebe's syndicate has received permission to collect all newspapers and paper of every description left in carriages on the Belgian railways, and in return contracts to manufacture and supply free of charge from the paper thus obtained as many cardboard tickets as the railway may require.

It is estimated that the company will make a profit of from 12 to 15 per cent a year.—Bystander.

**It Had Seemed So.**  
The night had been a hot one for an ice cream soda somewhere and a little walk afterward, so she was putting on her hat, which was of a size somewhat excessive, when she heard the style.

"I didn't like that hat at first," he said as she stuck the long pins in and turned her head to look at the effect in the mirror, "but now, I like it. It's a hat that grows on you."

"My goodness!" she cried in dismay. "Has it got any larger?"—New York Press.

**READY FOR USE**  
IN ANY QUANTITY  
For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sold everywhere for five hundred purposes.  
Sold Everywhere.  
E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd.  
Toronto, Ont.

**GILLETT'S PERFUMED LIME**  
MADE IN CANADA

**Ontario Veterinary College**  
Temperance St., Toronto, Can.  
Established 1882, taken over by the Provincial Government of Ontario, 1906.

Affiliated with the University of Toronto, under the control of the Dept. of Agriculture of Ontario. Course of study extended through 3 college years. FEE \$100 PER ANNUM \$75.00. Calendar on application. E. A. G. GILBERT, V. M., Principal.

**Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour**  
makes just as fine Pastry as it does Bread—and the best of both. Housekeepers find it Always Gives Satisfaction

**For Bread**  
**For Pastry**

**Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour**  
MADE IN CANADA

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## 41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in—

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE

FRANK,

BLAIRMORE,

COLEMAN,

and MICHEL, British Columbia

## Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

## PACIFIC HOTEL

Mrs. J. McAlpine  
Proprietress

## TEMPERANCE HOTEL

Is the place to stop when  
in town. Good accommo-  
dations for travellers. We  
have a large sample room.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms

Table unsurpassed in the West

## Hotel Coleman

McNEILL, & MURR, Proprietors

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Daily

Special Rates Given by the Month

## Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe

and guaranteed

Sparkling Wines

Scotch Whiskey

Brandy

Gin

Ports

herry

Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day



## Cabinet Cigar Store AND

## Barber Shop

We have the largest and most  
up-to-date stock in the West of  
Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes  
and Fancy Goods for  
Smokers, at the very  
Lowest Prices

There is no end to the varieties we carry

We have also added a repair  
outfit to our business and we  
are now prepared to mend any  
pipe you can bring to us

M. E. GRAHAM, Pro.

## COLEMAN MINER

Published by The Foothills Job Print and News  
Company, Limited

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Advertising Rates on application

J. D. S. BARRETT, Manager

T. B. BRANDON, Editor

Coleman, Friday, September 3, 1909

## AN ERRONEOUS VIEW

Some people in the town have some  
preconceived notions that the Coal  
Operator's Association has the ex-  
treme pleasure of dictating the policy  
of this paper. No more foolish notion  
could exist in their minds as the coal  
companies have about as much control  
over the politics of this paper as the  
Kaiser. The editor asks that you  
would unload yourselves of this false  
impression at once as there never was  
never will be any corporate control of  
this paper as long as the present  
management owns the paper.

## MODERN SCIENCE

The recent meeting of the British  
Medical Association has evoked a  
great enthusiasm among its members  
and excited many students to journey  
far and near to hear from the fervent  
lips of our greatest scientists, glowing  
words of substantial and material pro-  
gress in the different fields of physics,  
botany, zoology and even the evolu-  
tion of man. With a national pride  
we can point out that the Canadian  
prairies are becoming but precincts  
for the populous and manufacturing  
cities of the old world.

The greatest students of the age, or  
recent ages, Lodge, the force runner of  
Marconi, Newton, the announcer of  
the universal gravitation, Maxwell,  
who propounded rightly that light  
and electricity are one and the same  
thing, are all pioneers in the world of  
thought and science. The creators of  
steam navigation and locomotion, the  
searchers into profound and practical  
agricultural science and the deliverers  
of the basis of the composition of  
metals are alike the makers and  
pavers of a better and an easier road  
for the multitudes to follow.

Recently we have just discovered  
that in the teaching of our natural  
herbs, that more benefit can be de-  
rived from the study of a blade of  
wheat than an orchid found in Africa.

Radium, so long the baffler of  
scientists, is now believed to be the  
reservoir of the energy which has  
supplied the radiation of the sun.

Take away the achievements of  
science and you have a savage, un-  
tutored and unprogressive people.

## THE LIMPING LEDGER

How easy can the bosom of a  
tranquil lake be changed into an  
angry tumult of waters. And is it not much more  
easier to change the placid col-  
umns of the Fernie Ledger into a  
veritable slough of slurs and  
socialistic imprecations? Yes,  
my friends, advocate something  
for the uplifting of the miners  
of the west and you get the desired result.

We quote from the Fernie  
Ledger, "Patriotism is a most  
commendable trait of char-  
acter; an honest desire to pro-  
mote the best interests of Cana-  
dian institutions and societies  
is, in the main, laudable."

Here the COLEMAN MINER  
perfectly agrees with the  
Ledger, knowing full well that  
to promote a Canadian is laud-  
able, but is it not dislaudable to  
promote a foreign institution  
in this country? Is it not  
more dislaudable to be the  
organ and mouthpiece of that  
institution?

The proposal to bring into  
existence a thoroughly Cana-  
dian institution is a step not  
only in the direction of  
patriotic motives, but a step  
towards business stability.  
Let me remind my importunate  
friend that the business men of  
Canada and their compatriots  
the miners are the prime  
movers of this new Canadian  
union. Step by step they are  
advancing, no selfish interests  
to emulate but only a desire to  
see hardship to none, fair play  
to all.

There is no more complex  
organisation than the U. M. W.  
of A. Different agencies, dif-  
ferent factions are always  
bobbing up upon the surface.  
Through gross miscalculation  
and a faction fight the last  
strike was called. And we had  
the magnificent spectacle of a  
branch organisation defying  
the supreme head. A unifying  
sight.

The COLEMAN MINER is not  
seeking to be anybody's organ.  
But in conjunction with other  
sane Canadian papers it is out  
for a union that will have the  
essential principles of a union.  
We are not forced at times to  
lie quiet at the dictum of a  
master nor are we paid to  
wallow in the red blood of  
socialism or the grimy mater-  
ialism of anarchy.

To quiet the Ledger's nerves  
we make this simple announce-  
ment that the fight for a Cana-  
dian Union is past. The union,  
thanks to the intelligent miners  
of the west, has emerged strong  
and well, and with a member-  
ship that is increasing beyond  
the hopes of the most op-  
timistic well wisher.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

Incorporation will not be  
long delayed now.

"The publican's prayer" for  
the Fernie Ledger in the day of  
judgment.

If the Montreal Herald takes  
too many into its confidence it  
may be confided itself.

The moment you under es-  
timate your opponent that  
moment your opponent begins  
to win.

Large numbers last Sunday  
availed themselves of the  
opportunity to take a stroll in  
the park. The band was in  
attendance and the benefit to  
the strollers can be measured  
this week in healthy cheeks and  
radiant smiles.

The new serial "Tales of the  
Cascades" is being run in our  
paper. It has never been  
published before and will be  
put in book form as soon as we  
are finished running it. The  
author has written other books  
which have had a popular run.

There are always some who  
are always wishing that every  
day was to-morrow.

## APPROPRIATE

"You will have a chance to  
hit an evil in this Pass, and  
when you do, hit it hard."—  
Rev. Mr. White.

## A CHALLENGE

As the Editor of the Fernie Ledger  
questions the authority of the COLE-  
MAN MINER on the present contro-  
versy, it is incumbent for the COLE-  
MAN MINER to take up the glove  
thrown down. The COLEMAN MINER  
awaits the naming of the day and  
place for the said debate.

## FIRE BRIGADE MEETING

Chief Graham called a meeting of  
the firemen on Tuesday evening.  
Owing to lack of particulars, the  
meeting was adjourned until Monday  
evening. Among the items that will  
be discussed will be a call for the  
opening of the new hall.

# W. L. Ouimette

We have all we advertise--But we  
cannot advertise all we have!

"QUALITY"

20th

"QUALITY"



## Century Clothing

The new Samples  
for fall are now here.

Five-hundred  
Samples of the latest  
suitings and over-  
coatings from which  
to make a choice.  
Come in and see  
the Fashion Plate  
for fall.



# RED DEER BUTTER

Fresh from the Creamery  
Every Week

Pleasing to the Eye--

Delicious to the Taste.

If You try it Once--

You will use no Other

W. L. Ouimette  
General Merchandise

# Advertise

In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

## Lille Jottings

Owners of dogs should take out a license here as constable Manson, who looks well after everything, will be on their track.

School re-opened on Monday, and we are glad that Mr. Keith, the new teacher, is going to conduct evening classes for the benefit of those who have left the day school.

Rev. J. M. Sutherland preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening as he leaves for Scotland this week. We are sorry he is leaving but trust he will be followed by a worthy successor.

A pedlar, from Vancouver, was charged before Justice Pinkney, with selling goods without a license. Constable Manson prosecuted and defendant was fined two dollars and costs.

## Happenings at Blairmore

Fraser & Sinclair bought several lots on Main st. this week.

A. A. Sparks has started the foundation of a new dwelling house.

The West Canadian received a carload of rails this week for use in their mine.

Jack Fisher and T. D. Roche are out for big game this week. They expect to land a few mountain goat.

The survey of the south side of Blairmore has been completed and the squatters are wondering what next?

The Cement Co. are fast getting their machinery installed and hope to turn out cement by the end of the month.

Crows Nest Pass Hardware Co. of Frank are building a new store here and will open a branch in the near future.

The boys and girls are all happy. The merry-go-round has been set up for the big day's races, and it is now in operation.

Thomas Macdonald of the Union hotel, Frank, has applied to the liquor license commission for a license for the Southern hotel, Bellevue.

La pin-gandi corsa pedestre mai vista in questi paesi da corsa sarà di 12 miglia. E i corridori sono 10 campioni del Canada e stati uniti impia aspetta il celebre Pietro Dorando il campione italiano la scommessa sarà da \$2000. Inoltre ci sarà anche il corso dei carrelli e altri sport non mancante.

## WHEN PARLIAMENT CONVENES

(Special to the Miner)

Ottawa, Sept. 3rd.—Everything indicates that the Government intends to convene Parliament at an early day, possibly on the first Thursday of November. The Ministers are returning, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier—who really does about all the work anyhow—is at his desk. There is no reason why the Departments should not be ready as the last fiscal year ended five months ago and the House prorogued in May. November sessions in the past have been unsatisfactory. The House has not been assembled until the last week in November with the Christmas holidays close at hand. The result has been that nothing was done until January beyond disposing of the debate upon the address. If the House meets early in November, however, there is no reason why it should not settle down to business at once and the Christmas holidays need make no more disturbance than would the Easter holidays at a later date.

The Government has plenty to bring before Parliament and it will have some serious problems to confront. The debate upon naval defence and Imperial contributions will undoubtedly command the attention of the country. Allied with these are the questions relating to the all red cable and the all red steamship route. Again, the recently passed American Tariff Bill has presented difficulties to the Customs and Finance Departments and even to some of the Provincial Governments and it will not be surprising if a part of the session should be devoted to supplementary tariff legislation. This is the more likely because the Government is anxious to sack out of the ridiculous trap in which it caught itself while attempting to play horse with Germany. It looks very much as though the German surplus would be abolished and the British preference virtually extended to Germany. The fact that the farmers in this country are excluded from the second largest market in the world cannot much longer escape attention.

## STEPHEN JANOSTAK

— THE —

## EAST END GROCER

Groceries

Provisions

Dry Goods

HIGHEST-QUALITY

Opposite Opera House

# High-Class Work

If it is a high-class job you want, send it to the Job Department of the Coleman Miner, where it will be done promptly.

Subscribe for the Miner and get Canada's latest Western Story.

## Crow's Nest B. C.

## The Canadian Garden Of The Gods

Spend a week end where the brooks sing a song of gladness, where the silvery sheet of the lake lightens life's hum-drum pathway, where the mellow notes of birds form a symphony of Nature, never to be forgotten, where woods and trails and snow-capped mountains submerge the artifices of the town and city, where the profusion of coloring bespeaks the idyllic mood insistently.

Trout-fishing, boating, bathing, dancing, a huge menagerie of wild and ferocious animals, excellent cuisine, unsurpassed buffet service, courteous conductors to point out the many wonders of the Summit, and reasonable rates at a first-class hotel, all combined to make your week end truly pleasant.

For detailed information, send a letter of inquiry. I want to meet you face to face and show you the wonders of the top of the world.

ANDY GOOD,  
Proprietor Summit Hotel

## FOR SALE

A good quarter section for sale or exchange for cattle. One mile and a half from Burma Station. Apply to, Thomas Tiffin, Coleman, Alta.

## T. W. Davies

Carpenter and Builder of Coleman

Wishes to thank his many friends for their kind patronage in the past and also wishes to inform the residents of Coleman and Blairmore that he has been induced to put in a stock of Caskets and will in future be prepared to undertake all arrangements for Funerals

# SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR

Car just to hand from the B. C. Refinery, Vancouver. This sugar will be sold at the following prices.

100 pound sack,	\$5.90
50 pound sack,	\$3.00

Place your order with us early and it will receive our prompt attention.

A CAR OF THIS YEARS TIMOTHY HAY JUST ARRIVED.

## Coleman Mercantile Co.

Dealers in

Limited

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Flour and Food

## TRY A BOTTLE

— of our —

Compound Extract of Wild Strawberry

A safe pleasant and effective Remedy for

Relaxed Conditions of the Bowels

Or various kinds of summer complaint such as Colics, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Passine Hemarages, Dysentery, Diarrhoea etc. etc.

Coleman Drug Co.

H. A. PARKS

Night Bell.

Phone 90

D. A. TAYLOR, M.D.C.M.

SPECIALIST EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT Stafford Block, Lethbridge, Alta. Office Hours: 9.30 to 12 a.m. 1 2 to 5 p.m. 7 to 8 p.m.

Buy here and Save Money

By your Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes from—

J. A. Rudd

Hillcrest - Alberta

# Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking Coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the

Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.

Limited

## COLEMAN PUBLIC PARK

Bellevue, Alberta.

Aug. 28th, 1906.

Ye Coleman miners yin an' s' Get up, an' lood yer horns blow, Ye'll nune kin play, an' no breck law, Frae week tae week In a field somewhere near whit the ca', Nae Persee Creek.

There ye'll kin rin, an' jump, an' about, Like some lunatic wi' th' goat, Or a Bellevue man on a drunken bout

At some big fair, An' nane will dare to turn you out, Sae lang's ye're there.

Ye'll can discuss th' points that's wrang, In argument, bairn lood an' lang An' try tae force 't wi' language strong

As wey or ither, Till on yer nose, a flat comes, Bang, An' ends th' swither.

Ye'll be allert tae stan' an' view Th' fit-be' matches through an'

through, Wt' nabeody tae trouble you An' nane ye pay, Though you should stan' frae mornin' blue

Till s'enin' grey, An' just as lang's th' harvest moon, Th' lofty Turtle cracks above,

Young lovers they may wander roos' On pleasure bent, Then lovingly may cuddle doon

An' ne'er be kent, Sae lang's th' leaves hing on th' trees, There ye may gang an' rest at ease,

Until th' nights begin tae freeze, An' leaves tae fa', Then tae th' store, th' let like beer

Will haste awa', Nae bonnie field lang may ye see The Birkies hap frae tree tae tree,

An' hear lovers sing your praises free, Baith far an' near, This is th' poet's worst wish for thee,

An' maist elation, SWAN TIGHBORNE.

## BUNKER'S YOUNG DAYS

The Colonel Tells of How the Duello Once Flourished.

## A GOOD THING AS A WHOLE.

Sits in a Hotel and Hears Enough Gossip in an Hour That Would Have Occasioned a Dozen or More Duels Fifty Years Ago.

By M. QUAD.  
(Copyright, 1904, by Associated Literary Press.)

"WHEN I tell you that in my younger days I have witnessed six duels in one day you may realize how the code was once lived up to in this country," said Colonel Bunker as he leaned back in his chair after drinking his cocktail. He remained for a few minutes and then continued:

"Of course the duello was abused, as many other things were, but I cannot help but think it was a good thing taken as a whole. I sat in a club for an hour the other day, and I heard enough gossip in that time to have occasioned a dozen duels fifty years ago. There was a time when men weighed their words before they spoke them, and it was well for the peace of society. There was a time when the insult of a lady too loudly spoken might result in a dozen duels.

"For several years I was a roistering blade with other blades. Fashion demanded it, and it was among the roisterers that life was held too cheaply. There were some who swaggered, but one didn't have to swagger to bring about a duel. What was called the point of honor was so finely drawn that it was the easiest thing in the world to come to sword play. For instance, I set in church in a strange town one Sunday. In the pew with me was a young gentleman. When we came to sing he politely handed me a hymn book. I had a sore throat and politely declined. As we left the church he handed me his card and returned mine, and within an hour his 'what' called on me. A duel was on. I had refused the book. 'Well, sir, we went out and fought and were both wounded. I did not ask for an explanation, and he did not volunteer one. I had impugned his honor, know-



I HAD A HEAVY LAUGH.

"But otherwise, and I must give him satisfaction. At a social dinner I looked across the table and observed that a certain gentleman's necktie was awry. I may have glanced his way twice or thrice. Next day he sent his waiter to me, saying I was duly challenged. We met, and I wounded him and escaped myself. It was a matter of three years before I learned the cause of his challenge. He had a mole on his chin, and he thought I was looking at it in an insulting way.

"One day I set out to see Majah Ashcroft in the next county. As I rode his plantation I encountered a gentleman on horseback and asked if he knew whether Captain Ashcroft was at home not. My mistake. I got caught for Majah. I received a very polite reply and went on and saw the majah. Next day I received a challenge from the stranger, who turned out to be a cousin of the majah's. He resented my mixing of the titles. We fought with pistols, and I put a bullet into his shoulder. Not the slightest bit feeling, but that's the way it went in those days.

"I was at a party one evening and had on a waistcoat imported from London. As I recall it, the garment was a rather striking affair. As the party was breaking up a gentleman came to me and said:

"Mr. Bunker, my friend Mr. Walker bids me say that he doesn't like the color and fit of your waistcoat."

"And please inform Mr. Walker," I replied, "that the style of his shoe buckles is a year out of date."

"We met at sunrise. Our bullets grazed each other and drew blood, and under the code we had to shake hands and be satisfied. My gentleman was killed on the field the year later for having remarked that a certain other gentleman did not use the highest grade of perfumery.

"The same pistol wound I ever received in a duel was brought about in a rather singular way. It was in summer time, and I was seated on the lawn of a friend. A young man rode slowly past the house, but as I was reading a book I gave him no attention. In ten minutes he returned and dismounted and entered the yard. I stood up, and we both lifted our hats.

"Sir," he began, "I rode past this

some a few minutes ago. You did not notice me."

"I am afraid not," I replied.

"If you had noticed me you could not have failed to see that I have a cat in my left eye."

"And to notice the cat is to insult me. There is my card, sir, and a friend will wait on any friend of yours tomorrow."

"It seems powerfully silly to you, sir, at this age, but we were living in a different era then. Here was a gentleman who told me that I had to do with a cat. Perhaps he had made a wrong like a knight of old. It wasn't for me to ask. When his friend arrived I satisfied myself that I had to do with a gentleman, and the challenge was accepted. Pistols were the weapons, and while I wounded my gentleman in the arm he laid me up for three months."

"In my day, sir, no young man of standing was safe from a challenge, and it was very rarely that an apology was tendered or accepted. One might go along for six months without trouble and then receive a challenge over almost nothing at all. It was my misfortune on a certain occasion to be present at an assembly when a certain young man of wit told a funny story. I was thinking of something else at the time and missed the point. The challenge was the result. We used pistols and were both scratched. Later on I asked my rival to retell the story, and he consented. It was indeed a funny one, and I had a hearty laugh. What did he do but declare that it was no gentleman for laughing so heartily, and I had to challenge him, and blood was drawn for the second time."

"You must realize that the lines of taste were closely drawn. A man in my set could not cross swords with an inferior, no matter what the issue. Our inferior took advantage of this far more than we did, but on an occasion I damned the eyes of a landlord for a badly cooked bird. He made no reply, but sought the aid of a young man anxious to go upon the field. This young man accented me as I was about to mount my horse, saying:

"Sir, I perceive that you are ignorant of the latest English fashion. 'And what may that be, if you please?' I asked.

"You, sir, are riding a cock black horse, and a very excellent animal he is, but he does not match the color of your hair, as the latest fashion decrees. I beg your pardon for mentioning the matter, but I find that I cannot endure the total lack of harmony."

"As my hair was a pretty vivid red at that time," smiled the colonel, "it was pretty easy to figure out that an insult was intended. We passed cards, a meeting was arranged for, and at sunrise next morning I put a bullet into his leg. After the affair, I found that he had taken the landlord's part under the quixotic excuse that it was the bird I should have damned instead of mine horse's eyes."

"One day met a gentleman on the highway, both of us on horseback, and it was at a spot where there was a bar of stone. We arrived on opposite sides and halted and raised our hats. I gave way to him that he might make the crossing first. He gave way to me. We waited ten minutes in overpoliteness and then got our horses at the spot at the same time. The consequence was that both of us were madly battered and lost our tempers. We exchanged words and fought a duel with rapier next day. I disabled him, but as soon as he had sufficiently recovered he challenged me again. This time I wounded him with a bullet, but not a mortal one. He was challenged for the third time, and I was wounded and laid up for six weeks—three duels, three wounds, plenty of suffering, and all about a molecule at that! However, it was all the go, and my young fellows had to be in the swim."

"Great Expectations."

"When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension. 'I've got all the symptoms of the disease,' said the doctor. 'I'm sure I have caught it from you.' 'What are you so scared about?' asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."

"A Young Hero."

"During the day, both of the young sons, aged two and three and a half, the mother was suddenly called to the telephone. On her return she found them both out of the room, thoroughly excited. Thereupon the older one exclaimed:

"Harold was about to go down in the hole, but I got him out, mummy; I got him out!"—Delineator.

"Heshaw! His Jake."

"Yes," said the old man, "exercise is a good thing. I always believed in it, but not on the town."

"Ah," bewitched the young man, who had heard of the old time in the canal, "that was where you drew the line, eh?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Straight Tips."

"Ted—Does the government fisheries commission have any difficulty in finding waters to stock?"

"Ned—I shouldn't think so. All they have to do is to pick out those summer resorts that advertise good fishing.—Judge."

"A Jewel."

"So you are going to let your new servant go?"

"Yes," answered the housewife. "But you said she was a jewel."

"She was. Merely ornamental and expensive."—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

## AFTER THE CIRCUS.

Now the last roasted passed is swallowed. The last clown has gone on parade. The last supper has been followed by the last of the last. His eyes, once so big, that almost brightly shone out of the glass of his face, are shut, and his fingers close tightly and cling to his empty stomach.

The last acrobat's been applauded. And shouted his way down the main. The last bareback rider's been swung. And down in my arms are lower langes of curls and a boy's fast asleep.

One sticky hand rests on my shoulder. One hand fast the gaily hallooed. That animal and before it's much older. 'Till fade the last afternoon. Of somersaults recitedly hurled—The thickest, slightest, glidest. And stickier laid in the world.

And oh, but the spangles were splendid! And, oh, but the music was grand! The side spitting clown, laughter blundered With soul stirring airs by the band. 'Till naught of the glad marvel lingered. As he clasps his saloon with close fingers. For him no art, fast asleep.

And so from these joys without number. One hand fast the gaily hallooed. He went to his dream laden slumber. For him no art, fast asleep. For him no art, fast asleep.

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## WANTED TO MAKE MAY.

A Dominant Parish Clerk With Little

Regarding the Dead.

Unfortunately for a young clergyman, who came to the parish, and then John, the parish clerk, did just, and only just, what he liked. A leading citizen had died, and his wife had named a day to the vicar for the funeral. One fine day in July the funeral procession, with its array of the vicar advanced in full canonicals to meet the corpse at the churchyard gate. To his amazement the widow advanced toward him in a perfect fury, shaking her fist in his face and shouting: "Do you call this religion? Whence the graven? The shameful to a poor lone widow. Where's his graven (grave). I tell you!"

The vicar, then, for the first time, perceived that John, the clerk, was missing, and that no grave had been prepared. Upon inquiry he was told that John was haying in the park. A messenger was despatched to bring him, and shortly John appeared, limping along with a prong in his hand, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow, his hat upon his head. He advanced with perfect composure, and when the vicar began to speak, he replied: "This is very disagreeable, John," he replied.

"You hide a bit, I see what it is. You're a bit of a clerk, I know, and I know she." Then, addressing the widow, he proceeded: "Now, I tell you what it is. You're a bit of a clerk, I know, and I know she." Then, addressing the widow, he proceeded: "Now, I tell you what it is. You're a bit of a clerk, I know, and I know she."

"It isn't that, all right. You're a bit of a clerk, I know, and I know she." Then, addressing the widow, he proceeded: "Now, I tell you what it is. You're a bit of a clerk, I know, and I know she."

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## SWEET THINGS.

How Both of Them Wanted to Play the

"Really," said the lady with the bee-hive hat, "I insist."

"No, dear," protested her companion, "I have the money all ready. Conductor, can you change a ten dollar bill?"

"Now, I shall not permit you to have that broken. I have some change all ready. If I can only find it. Dear me, I wonder who it is!"

"It's all right. I want to get this bill changed anyway. I wonder where I put it?"

"No, no, really, you mustn't. I thought I had the change all ready. I must have lost a nickel of it somehow. But I have a five dollar bill that—"

"Did you say you had a nickel?"

"Well, I have one, too, so I'll pay for you next time."

"No, you shan't do so. I shall insist." Then each handed out her nickel, saying to herself:

"The idea of her pretending to have a bill! She never had more than 20 cents at one time in her life!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Real Sport.

The housewife looked at the tramp suspiciously. "My man," she said sternly, "what are you doing in those riding boots and that tattered red jacket?"

"Ah, lady," said the wayfarer as he tipped his cap, "I belong to a hunt club."

"Indeed! And are you hunting foxes?"

"No, mum; I'm hunting a meal!"—Minneapolis Journal.

In 1915.

Farmer—What's all that racket, Mandy?

Farmer's Wife—One of them that ain't chaps is tumbling down the chimney and out into the dining room.

Farmer—Do you mean to tell me that one of them is tumbling down the chimney and out into the dining room?

Farmer's Wife—Yes, sir, I'm hunting a meal!

A Particular Caller.

"Any callers today, my dear?" the man who had just moved into the suburbs inquired as he sat down to his breakfast.

"Yes," his wife replied, "one."

"A neighbor?"

"No, a servant."

"Did she suit?"

"Yes, but we've—"

The Best Remedy.

"Young man," said the merchant, "I hear you're been kicking because you've got so much to do."

"Well, yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"H'm! We'll have to give you so much more to do hereafter that you won't have time to kick!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

## RACING FOR THE PASS

YELLOWHEAD ROUTE DISCOVERED MANY YEARS AGO.

Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheddie in 1883 Spent Three Months Going From Edmonton to Kamloops

Through the Narrow Glets, in the Mountains—Severe Privations and Laborious Travel.

From time to time there come out of the west reports regarding a new route going on between two great railway systems; the goal of which is the Yellowhead Pass. Each, it is said, is straining every nerve to be the first to locate and build its line through that famous passage across the Rocky Mountains. In that passage there is ample room and about facilities for both so that the result of the race is not of paramount importance. The important thing is that here two transcontinental railway systems propose crossing the Rocky Mountains and striking the Pacific coast at points north of the existing British Columbia ports. This means, not only new rail ways, but also new opened to development and settlement.

The Yellowhead Pass is not now engaging for the time the attention of railway builders. Thirty years ago the Canadian Government caused a preliminary survey of the pass to be made, the intention then being to build through the pass the Government railway which had been promised to the province of British Columbia in return for the latter having selected Vancouver as its western terminus, naturally looked for a more southern route.

The Yellowhead Pass was left to enjoy a third of a century more of solitude. But its solitude has at length been broken up. The engineers have come and taken their level and driven their stakes. Close on their heels will follow the construction gangs. They will carry the wayfarer through the mountains, and soon these valleys and gorges will be resounding with the whistle of the locomotive.

The pass is heavily wooded, and the shadow of the forest and still deeper shadow of mountains when two or three of the great peaks of the extent. It has changed very little since that summer, forty years ago, when two adventurous young Englishmen, Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheddie, accompanied by an Indian guide and his wife, journeyed from Edmonton to the Pacific slope by way of the Yellowhead Pass.

It was a remarkable journey, during which the little party, toiling through dense forests, crossed a series of impervious swamps and crossing on rafts turbulent rivers, endured great suffering and encountered many dangers. Their supply of food became exhausted and it was only by killing and eating the miserable horses that they were able to sustain life until an Indian camp on the Thompson River was reached. By a very narrow escape indeed did they escape a miserable death from starvation. The two Englishmen wrote a graphic account of their journey and from its fascinating pages can here and there be gleaned descriptions of the Yellowhead Pass, especially interesting now that the pass is soon to become one of the thoroughfares of the Dominion.

It was on June 3, 1883, that Milton and Cheddie set out from Fort Edmonton for the Yellowhead Pass, their plan being to strike the Rockies, enter upper British Columbia and then follow one of the rivers down to the coast.

After days of weary travel they came in sight of the Rockies. "The prospect was a most glorious one," wrote the travelers, "and was exhilarating to us, who had lived so long in level country, and for the next three days we were in the mountains, which shut out every prospect, and almost the light of day.

Amongst pine and fir, running nearly north and south, rose in higher and higher succession towards the west, and in the further distance we could see ranges of mountains of rugged, rocky peaks, backed by the snow-clad summits of some giants which towered above the rest. The snow which crowned the loftier peaks, and still lingered in the hollows of the lower hills, glittered in the brilliant sunlight through the pale blue haze which mellowed the scene, and brought the far-distant mountains seemingly close before us. A cleft in the ridge, out clean as if with a knife, showed us what we supposed to be the opening of the gorge through which we were to pass. The singular rock on the left or eastern side of this gateway, somewhat like the half of a sponge-cake cut vertically, was known to me to be the one of which we heard as 'Old Man's Head,' a mythic close to Jasper House.

Coming to Jasper House, which stood at the eastern entrance to the pass, we found it a small, one-story building surrounded by a palisade standing in a perfect garden of wild flowers. It was the headquarters of the pass, and one of the principal avenues of the Edmonton of the present time. It was after leaving the pass that the travelers suffered the most threatening dangers. Between the pass and the coast, the route was filled with forest labyrinth through which they had to cut their way. Their progress was slow and the supply of provisions was nearly exhausted. A starvation stared them in the face. They tried their best to make a trail to sustain on the fish, but they reached an Indian camp, where food was procured. They were now passing out of the forest, greater promise was made and soon after they came to a district where many Indian camps were to be seen and game were obtained. It was late in August when they reached Kamloops, the journey from Edmonton having occupied almost three months.



At the Duel.



## TALES OF THE CASCADES

## THE RACE FOR THE CLAIM

By FRANK SYDNEY  
Copyright applied for

For several weeks the two rivals sheltered by the bunk houses, rested and recovered from their heart-killing climb and almost fatal fight on the mountain. Night after night they recalled with more apparent emotion and vividness the scenes in which they were such prominent actors, for does not

"Time, but the impression stronger makes. As streams their channels deeper wear."

With the swiftness of a grouse's retreat, spring broke upon McGillivray mountain in all its freshness and warmth, giving life to all that cling to mother earth. Immediately preparations were made to return to the town. The date of the joint-staking was carefully taken down in an old defaced note-book. The road now was possible and they set out for the town that so eagerly waited for any news of the thirty gold seekers. Since the return of most of Lawson's gang every miner's interest was aroused and more sympathy than usual was displayed as to the safe return of James King.

At a quarter to six, Saturday evening, two men trudged doggedly into the mining recorder's office. There were evident traces of hard travel and ill usage.

"My God are you fellows back from McGillivray's, where's the rest of the gang? Tell me, I helped stake them!" These were the first words that greeted the two men since they had come into town. Rube Sanderson first spoke, "your honor," says he, "the gang's in hell for ought that I know. We ain't either of us bit responsible for the gang's gettin' covered up with snow and mud, all we want is the claim registered in our own name or by the holy angels I'll struggle 'em."

"Come, come men; where's James and his men?" says the recorder. "Their carcasses are down about forty feet under Fir Cliff, on McGillivray, and I'll be darned if I know where their souls is." "That's right," says Gus, "cleaned up for their last time, won't pick up yellow dust no more."

"Terrible terrible, men," said the recorder. Within half an hour the papers were made out fully and the men scattered down the boardless side walk, in an instant they were surrounded by friends and jeered and hooted at by

their ill-wishers and enemies. The mob rushed into the bar. "Something will be a-doin'," hollered a brisky voiced miner. And there was.

Within the bar a hundred miners crowded, jostled, shoved and fought for a place to drink and have the explanation. A half hundred spoke at once.

"Hold, you bollin' lumps," yelled Jim Hall, as he climbed up on the bar, "give these men a chance, they'll tell it all or else my hide won't be in the reckoning." Gus Johnson, one of Lawson's gang, the one who won the claim, mounted the dais and said, "Pals, Rube and I have got the claim; you needn't feel so hard to us. We had to fight for it and it's ours."

"Treat the crowd you brazen mucker," again yelled out the disturber. Both Rube and Gus grinned the crowd, thinking to get rid of them. Once, twice and three times they called for the horn. Then as if by hypnotic spell fury seemed to seize the mob and they rushed together Rube and Gus with clenched fists and wicked teeth.

For a time Gus and Rube held them at bay with chairs and stools, finally their remaining strength gave way and they fell in a heap on the bar. That night the town was wild with drinking men and blows were freely exchanged. "McGillivray's lost," could be heard on every side, selfishness seemed to reign supreme.

Chapter II.  
AT MCGILLIVRAY MINE

McGillivray mine or the series of well cribbed and timber breasted tunnels lay like an eagle's ear on an overhanging ledge on McGillivray mountain. On one side a sheer precipice overlooking a chasm several feet in depth. On the other side lay stream and cascade of water that sparkled and shone in the glowing sunshine in all the splendor of the colors of the rainbow. Beyond for a mile or so, until the snow-line was reached, the mountain was well wooded, and in vacant spots covered with dense bunch grass. Deer trails penetrated into mountain fastness at intervals that marked clearly the presence of water and salt lakes.

The mine was situated some four miles above the rushing and surging river named by its white discolored Anderson. The road from the landing to the mine was a continuous succession of loops and bends. At almost every curve one could stop and gaze as he ascended, on a widening and broadening world. Tops and peaks unknown before showed three

bald and icy crests to the onlooker. As the mountains cannot but cast over one a feeling of awe and loneliness, a feeling of one's own insignificance creeps slowly into your mind, if man cannot but perceive the work of some unmistakable and architectural genius his soul is slumbering and his thoughts are fettered to earthly entanglements.

This was the mine and this the scene of Gus Johnson's and Rube Sanderson's final struggles for the mastery of the claim. But now the season and the weather were infinitely altered. The howling icy winds no longer burst with such titanic fury through the Cayenne gorge. No longer did an icy ascent hold out such an uninviting passage to the glittering ore on the crest of the mountain.

A boat load of passengers and freight disembarked one June morning at the landing. Among the passengers was the manager, his wife and daughter, the mother and daughter had come to camp all summer near the mine and enjoy to the full extent the mountain air. They would ramble among the dais and gulches seeking adventures and health, and in the fall they would return to the city with ruddy cheeks and blessed health.

Horses were packed with provisions, portmanteaus and tools. Horses guided by Indians carried our passengers up the steep ascent to the mine. It took an hour to reach the mine. The manager was a keen, active mining engineer and had no time to gaze on the mountains in the distance or the changing hues and myriad reflections that are seen in the spray of the waterfalls. His impatience halting the whole party to which the little cascade tumbled its water a thousand feet increased as he climbed higher and higher. It was evident that his daughter's vivid imagination would find at last food for its yearnings, and her longings for nature in its sublimity and grandest forms would now find for itself ever changing and colossal scenes. She seemed to live and think in the clouds. Earthly duties and earthly cares were not a part and parcel of her in any shape and form. She dwelt apart.

Sixty miners eyes would be casting furtive glances in her direction all that summer. Would she condescend to talk and become one of themselves as were. Time would tell. In form she was tall and graceful, but her Greek face and open expression gave contradictory ideas to the men as to her future disposition toward them. At first she and her mother kept apart. The manager, Mr. Jepson, had had the mine running as a mine

should be run, every shift was complete, the stamps never ceased pounding for Monday, till the following Monday, when they shut down for the weekly clean up.

The miners for the first week saw little of the manager's wife and daughter. They were eager to pick up an acquaintance but the mother and daughter it seemed were just as eager to remain secluded and uncommunicative. Rosaline, the daughter, would for hours go wandering up the deer trails seeking a good position that commanded good prospects of the mountains and gorges. Often she would take her violin, which had been put in her hand in childhood, and play in the mountain canyons, such wild and weird melodies, that put a most dramatic touch on her surrounding. She would play, never heeding her instrument, but gazing into the immense canyons and cliffs would as it were cast the scene into strange sounds of music.

Many and many a miner had heard these strange, mournful, melodious sounds, yet they had never happened to find the sorcerer or sorceress and fathom the mystery. Such happenings as these sounds, most uncanny to the average miner. Imagine one alone in the mountains with nothing but turbulent water falls on every side when in an instant strains of weird musical sounds to come out of almost nowhere. The miner usually left his prospecting and beat a hasty retreat to the mine.

Rosaline was now only nineteen, she seemed to delight in musical sensations. Her whole soul was full of music and poetry. On music and imagination she had been bred. How could her thoughts leave the clouds and her music? She was a child of the winds, the sighing of the wind and the sighing of the fir trees were a language for her alone. The mountain streams were like silver, gems of thought and the gorgeous mighty punctuations.

Rosaline's uncle had taught her to play the violin years before and when she was but a slender slip of a girl he placed his own dead child's violin in her hands. She had been away from her parents six years owing to the engineer being called by the British Army corps of engineers, to India. Rosaline's mother also went with her husband, leaving the young girl to be educated at home in England. The arrangements were most satisfactorily completed by a brother of her mother offering to act as guardian for the temporary orphaned child.

The girl did not realize what the assistance from her mother meant. No doubt this helped materially to cause her to become so fond of solitude and of nature in its grandest and wildest forms. In the years in which impressions are so strongly printed on the human mind, she was without a mother's



A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN CASCADE

guiding hand and she followed forlunately, the natural dictates of her will and longings. Her education in the secluded feminine school added to her indifference to intermingling with the world or opposite sex also aided to draw her apart from all others. Rosaline became thoroughly conversant with the modern languages and read the classics. In music she excelled as a musician with a superb touch and with delicate manners. She gave promise of having a life of happiness. In the hollow of her hand she held the power of creating an influence more potent than nausous. Influence, the really great key note of our life, stands preeminent as the great object of our existence. To live without an influence for good is to live in vain. What is immortality without the sweet remembrance of the influence that we have been able to exert on others. The contaminating influences that drown the soul

and forever seal the hope of one-time conscious breaths, have their origin in an example not wholesome or elevating. Good influence will not open the gates of heaven but it stands as a beacon lighting the road.

Rosaline, when a young woman of eighteen, was a woman fully endowed with all the feeling and consciousness of the object of her existence. Hers was to influence by human power, the power she so easily understood.

(To be continued.)

"And mamma," sobbed the unhappy wife, he threw his slippers across the room and told me to go to the devil-devil."

"You did right, child, to come straight to me."

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